UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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A DECALOGUE FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD

I. Thou shalt not be late at the gate of the temple, for though it be still open, your tardy arrival may close the gateway to communion with God in many a heart.

II. Thou shalt not profane the holy place of prayer by going empty-hearted into it, for better than the silver dropped as gift from the hand is the golden yearning for holiness brought in the soul.

III. Thou shalt not carry across its threshold the cares of the world, neither its selfish ambitions nor its trivial vanities, but enter as disciples of Jesus in search of the grace and mercy that cleanse from all unrighteousness.

IV. Thou shalt not disturb the seekers after God by unseemly apparel which obscures the vision or by undevout manners which destroy the peace of worshipers.

V. Thou shalt worship God, not in a sad but in a joyous spirit, emphasizing not the storms and shadows, but making manifest the peace and glory of the dayspring from on High.

VI. Thou shalt bring into the sanctuary a heart full of penitence and pity, and an open mind both reverent and teachable, in order that the church may provide the invigorating atmosphere of religious nurture.

VII. Thou shalt always remember that thou art the child of God and so endeavor to make every look and gesture, both speech and silence, such a manifestation of his spirit as shall help to establish his Kingdom of Love among men.

VIII. Thou shalt heartily join in the whole service, making it by song and reading and prayerful attitudes, productive of reverence and righteousness.

IX. Thou, the minister, shalt not turn the pulpit into an advertising agency, nor little the pews with distracting bulletins, nor tolerate inappropriate music, nor permit a disorderly choir, nor divert attention, by unbecoming levity or sensational mannerism, from the everlasting gospel of the higher life.

X. Thou shalt also bring to the congregation the wisdom of life, gathered from wide fields of study and experience, so praying that all may feel the presence of God and so preaching that every one shall depart with wiser mind, warmer heart, clearer conscience, and stronger will.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

The *Indian Messenger*, the progressive journal of Religion published in Calcutta, gives painful figures to show that the question of representation in political affairs in India is still in a wretched condition. According to these figures, two-thirds of the population are Hindu, but they are allowed less than one-third of representation in the councils of the city of Lucknow, and while one-third of the population of the city are Mohammedans, they are allowed two-thirds of representation in the city councils. Here is the old problem of discrimination at the ballot box that does not run parallel with competency or equity. A restricted ballot may be justified, but how to restrict is the question that is perplexing. Certainly any restriction of the ballot that does not run horizontally through the community, eliminating the less competent and recognizing the more competent of whatever creed, color or sex, is an indignity to democracy and a travesty on popular elections.

Everybody interested in good books knows about the "Everyman's Library," which is published in London by the Dent Publishing House. The announcement is made that the list is fast approaching the destined one thousand volumes. Fifty new volumes were recently put forth in one week, and the *Inquirer* of London says, "These volumes have been chosen with the same scholarly and discriminating taste which has marked the whole series." It further says, "The Messrs Dent make a stout appeal to a crowd of persons poor in money but rich in mind. The cheerful discovery that such a crowd exists may be placed largely to their credit. It is a big feat to set against the depressing flood of poor novelists and second-rate memoirs spiced with scandal. In spite of all, the good book still holds its own." And we commend to young men and women lacking other guides the wisdom of picking up any book in the "Everyman's Library" that appeals to their fancy or judgment, and they will find themselves dealing with a book of merit and probably with a classic in its own field.

Chicago ought to keep well. Sanitary appliances are being multiplied and sanitary vigilance is being increased. A bulletin is issued every Saturday and distributed freely to all applicants under the auspices of the Department of Health, Dr. Young, one of the commissioners, editing the same. It is the organ of what is called "The Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction," and is devoted to "Dissemination of Advice and Information of the Department of Health." This weekly bulletin not only contains technical information concerning the state of Chicago's health week by week, but contains also a goodly number of closely edited items bearing upon the general problem of health and the movements in medical science. In addition to this, Dr. W. A. Evans, the efficient health officer of the city under the last administration, is conducting a department in one of the daily papers, entitled "How to Keep Well." Here again the reading public is permitted to profit by the latest in science and the most skilful experts in matters of city, home and individual sanitation. This represents one of the hopeful movements of our State.

The *Christian Life*, of London, publishes the list of thirty-seven names, representing the Theological faculties of the German Universities of those protesting against the recent "deprivation" of Pastor Jatho for theological heresy, an account of which, from the pen of Mr. Wendte, was recently published in these columns. The editor wisely suggests that the list of signatures is "worth preserving if only as a catalogue of the advanced Liberals in German Theological Inquiry." These names represent professors well known wherever biblical studies and religious problems are considered. Thirty-seven experts, all of them men of honor, of brains and devotion, weigh more than the four hundred or more rural pastors who, perhaps with equal piety but with less carefully trained brains and much narrower sympathies, declared the beloved pastor, Jatho, unworthy of confidence, to the regret of the parish over which he has ministered for many years most acceptably. Thus the battle for freedom in religious thought goes on in Germany as in America, the majority looking backward, or standing fast, the hopeful minority looking forward and pushing ahead.

The Neglected Primary

The Anti-saloon League of Illinois, with headquarters in Chicago, has to contend with a disreputable name, as estimated by the politician and the complacent citizen who desires to push a disagreeable subject as far into the background as possible; and still this League is one of the most painstaking, persistent, far-seeing and, to our mind, one of the cleanest political organizations now at work in this country, and its influence is felt in every State in the Union. We believe that at no point is the work carried on with more wisdom, persistency and sagacity than at this headquarters in the city of Chicago.

Already it is out with a carefully prepared program of what is called "An Ante-Primary Legislative Campaign for the Fall and Winter of 1911 and 1912." This program begins with an organization dinner on Monday night, October 9. Organization meetings in various Legislative districts are arranged for from October 12 to December 15. From December 15 to March 2, precinct organization is to be developed in each precinct, and a complete poll of the precinct made, recording the attitude of each voter. On Saturday night, March 2, 1912, there is to be held a "School of Instruction" for committees who are to work on primary days; on Saturday night, March 16, a repetition of the school of instruction, same program as on March 2; on Saturday night, March 30, in each Senatorial district, precinct organization shall meet, making definite arrangements, etc.; on the Saturday night before the primary, precinct organizations are to meet to check over each item to see that nothing has been overlooked; the night before primary each precinct committee calls precincts by telephone, asking each man how things are going in his immediate neighborhood, and requesting him to see the list of names having no vote and report how many of the men promised to vote on primary day, April 9, 1912. Full instructions are given to challengers, and this timely hint is given beforehand: "Waste no time creating sentiments on primary day; this should all have been done before; concentrate on getting the vote out; be thorough, etc., etc."

And all of this is not mere theoretic campaigning done in the quiet of a committee room. The city's superintendent, the efficient E. J. Davis, with his assistant, has already been busy in analyzing the vote of previous primaries, and surely brings some remarkable things into light. Here are some of them:

> The Evanston district, the stronghold of Methodists, the best among the Chicago suburbs, nominated at the last primary for the State Legislature one who is indicted for bribery; he was renominated by the vote of 919 men, the total vote cast for him, while there were 21,740 men who did not go to the polls and who did not vote at all. In the Austin district, another favorite "silk stocking" suburb of Chicago, the man charged with pigeon-holing the bill providing for Commission Government for a certain class of cities, was renominated by 1,254 men, the total vote, when there were 15,256 men who were not interested enough to vote, although they were registered.
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> In the Thirty-first district, the Lake View district, another district where the favored, boastful and sober live, a strong whiskey man was nominated by 1,023 men, the total vote. There were 23,645 in that district who failed to vote. And this is pronounced one of the most enlightened districts in the city of Chicago. The report of this committee runs through twenty assembled districts of Chicago with similar results. And this, too, as the report says, "in the face of the thunderings of the daily press and bulletins from various Leagues emphasizing the necessity for the honor of the State of the sleeping 'jack-pot' legislators."
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> This report further called attention to the fact that two years previous, when John J. Healy was running on his record as the law-enforcing attorney, and the liquor interests were making a terrific onslaught on him, straining every nerve to defeat him in what was probably the most corrupt primary ever held, yet he was defeated by only 1,094 votes while there were 220,279 registered citizens who did not vote at all.
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> This remarkable revelation seems, in the mind of the committee, a terrible arraignment of the emphasis and disloyalty of the American citizen. Doubtless there is much in this charge, but we are inclined to think that it is more of an arraignment of the present primary laws than it is of the American citizen.

There is no denying the fact that the primary laws everywhere, particularly in the state of Illinois, are so shaped as to safeguard in every possible way the party line and to serve in every possible way the partisan leader, or, at least, to save him in every possible way. This at once destroys the interest if it does not remove the right to vote from the independent man. He knows that in the end it will be a battle between parties and that the final test will be at the election, and at that time he will make the choice between second-rate men, perchance. If the voter were enabled to go to the primary election, as he does to the secondary election, with a free hand to choose his tickets from all the par-

ties involved without having to declare his intention, or to perhaps strain his party history, he could then select his candidates on their merits and, further, he could do as the law in San Francisco permits, vote with the knowledge that if any candidate received the majority of all votes cast, it would serve as an election and remove that office from the contention of the secondary election. There would then be an added reason for respecting the primary.

With all due respect for the committee who have worked so diligently on this problem in the interest of the Anti-saloon movement, we believe they are unjust to the citizens when they charge all this lack of interest in the primary to a lack of loyalty to the state. Let us have a more effective primary law. Let the party circle be removed; let the interest of the community and not the interest of the party, be uppermost. Then we shall see how much larger a vote will be cast and how much more effectively will the Ante-primary campaign be conducted. We rejoice in the activities of this organization; we believe that their intentions are sound and their methods are honorable and commendable, but we must go farther back and strike for a still more radical primary law before it will become an instrument of the renovation of American politics and the elevation of our officers. The present primary law is much in advance of the old caucus system, but it is much below good citizenship and political science yet, and the way forward has already been blazed. Let Chicago follow San Francisco. Let Illinois take counsel of Oregon, Wisconsin, and all places where the more progressive primary laws have been passed and are in operation.

Of old the wise men came from the East and, like the dawn, came with the rising sun. Now in the political heaven the wise men seem to come from the West, and the dawn lies to the West, the hope of the country lies toward the setting sun.

THEN HAST THOU LIVED

If men shall call thee good, or brave, or learned,
If women crowd in orchid-scented halls
Where children dare not move, or speak, or breathe—
To cry thee great, and pain with flattering—
If to thy sanctum, black with books, shall crowd
Great souls from that choice few the world names blest,
If Fortune and her changeful sister Fame
Shall one time favor thee with laurels due—
Think not that thou hast known the full of life;
Nor shalt thou live till in the sequent years
These few, forgetting, snatch thy wreaths away,
Replacing laurels with a crown of thorns—
Till thou beholdst thyself despised, and then, forgot.
Then hast thou lived, if, like the Nazarene,
Thou still canst call them friends, unbitterly.

—*Anna R. Manley.*

From the Open Way, Lawrence, Kans.

Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.—*Lauder.*

THE PULPIT

By the Waterside

AN AFTER-VACATION SERMON

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1911

(Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.)

Come after me and I will make you fishers of men. Matthew IV:19.

The saints have always been lovers of nature. One of the rewards of purity of heart is the open eye to discover beauty; the primal at-one-ment of virtue is the sense of comradeship with the universe. To the pure in heart the birds are companionable, as they were to St. Francis; the lilies talk, as they did to Jesus and to Buddha; the wind and the waves are co-workers with the single-minded, as they were with Socrates and Emerson. Every page of the gospel story reflects more or less directly the life of the Master, which is fragrant with the wayside and redolent with the water-side. The oak and olive and the rank mustard growth, the birds of the air and the fish of the water and all creeping things spoke to him.

Nazareth, the native town of Jesus, was a backwoods village, twelve miles or more up in the mountains. After the stress and strain of the agitations that culminated in the imprisonment of the pioneer reformer, John the Baptist, Jesus retired into his Galilean home but only that he might reorganize his thought, re-create his spirit; and so we find him turning his back on the little family home, coming back to Capernaum, the lake-side town.

What did he see there? He saw what you and I might see by any water-side, the serenity of nature, the poise of the heavens, the depths of the sky, the clearness of the water, the ecstasy of the sparrows, the courage of the eagle.

Serenity is the first gift of nature to the sensitive soul. It has ever brought rest, comfort, renewal to the distracted. Early in life Emerson fled from the distractions of the city that he might meet his God under the pines. A modern poet has sung of the experience of the Master, which is the experience of every bursting, throbbing, suffering soul in these lines:

When into the woods he came.
Clean forespent, forespent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him;
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When out of the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods he came.

But when Jesus came to the lotus-bearing shores of the Lake of Galilee he found something more than the

quiet of the out-of-doors, that brought rest and refreshment. The home-folks called this water the "Sea of Galilee," but down there at Capernaum it was known as the "Lake of Tiberias." It bore the name of the conqueror, and the shores were dotted by colonies of strangers. This water-side had witnessed dire struggles and bloody contests. Invading armies from Nineveh, Babylon, Macedonia, Greece and Rome had looked unmoved upon these same hills and drank and bathed in thoughtless and ungrateful moods in these limpid waters. The Master's ears were assailed by the foreign accents of Greek and Roman, and his days had to be directed according to the Roman code. He was under the subjection of Roman officers; he was in the midst of a conflict of races, tempestuous discussions of contemporary politics. He found there the weakness and the suffering and the want that go with ill-administered communities. He was plunged into the discussions, not only of his foreign-born neighbors, but of his own people. Here were the Pharisees waiting for a fresh word from on high; here were Sadducees, the pietists of a Book, who claimed that the last word was spoken when the Pentateuch was closed; here were the humble Essenes, the socialists of the time, pleading for community life, and here were the discouraged and the down-trodden leaders of revolt because John the Reformer was in prison, perchance already martyred. There came over the lake messages to him, challenges to work. As the sun rose one morning "over the mountain's rim," making straight a "path of gold for itself" across the lake, it awoke "the need of a world of men" in the heart of this messenger.

At this distance it is not difficult to find the core of that message, a message often reiterated in this presence, a message now familiar throughout the wide world. It was a message of "brotherhood," of "fatherhood," a message of ethics, a message of "the simple life."

As he walked along the seashore he noticed a couple of fishermen busily plying their trade; Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother; and he said, "Come with me," and they came. A little farther along he met James and John, the sons of Zebedee, mending their nets with their father, and to them he said, "Come with me," and they came. Here we find the central group, the vital nucleus of the twelve,—four fishermen, common, rustic representatives of that far-off colony on the banks of Lake Tiberias, ninety miles away from the capital city, two or three days' journey from the shores of the big sea.

The world now knows the story. This little group of fishermen, with their message of "brotherhood," were to conquer the unknown worlds of Europe and America, and, nineteen centuries after the "call," we are still busy trying to realize that dream, to vocalize and emphasize that message.

What a mighty revolution did this sun-burnt son of a carpenter, joining issues with these rustic fishermen, bring about in the world! We need art and legend and poetry to try to express this, and when they have all done their best, they fall short of the fact. They say not too much, but too little.

Here was Peter, the alleged head and founder of the greatest organization known in history,—the great Roman Catholic Church. Here was Andrew, by whose name Scotland has conquered and conjured throughout the centuries. Here was James, the Saint-Iago of Spain, that led the world seekers, inspired the world discoverers around the globe. With his name did Columbus conjure. And here was John the "well-beloved," the one who had the courage to stand with the women at the foot of the cross. This little band sallied forth "out of the woods" into the crowd, away from the lake toward the city. Jerusalem, ninety miles away, was the objective point. It was "the need of a world of men" that stirred them, that moved them, and in seeking that world they found their work.

The parallel is very clear for us today. We all have wished for and some of us have found the "water-side" in these latter weeks, and we have found or might have found there, what Jesus found—serenity, humility, companionship, communion, rest, recreation—for the skies are as blue over Wisconsin and Michigan as they are over Palestine, all the year around, the guidebooks notwithstanding. And a lake of pure water in Minnesota reflects the sky with as much serenity and sincerity as Galilee, Christian piety notwithstanding. The sparrow and the robin are as cheerful and trim and beautiful on the shores of our western rivers as they are in Oriental glens. The whip-poor-will has as wooing a message as the cuckoo or the nightingale, to the alert ear.

We have sought and some have found the restoration, the calm of the water-side here in America as Jesus found it in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. Indeed, we find more. If not, alas for us! We have been wasting our summer, losing our opportunity, for, after all, the noblest of birds is tame and prosaic and uninteresting compared with the dirtiest of babes. Splendid, indeed, is the fish, but the fisherman's hand is more splendid. Glorious as the country-side may be, the city where the human crowd is is the place to find the invisible, to feel the finer, higher presence shining most gloriously. God is most palpable where humanity is most in evidence. And this is the first sermon lesson of the "water-side."

It is an "escape," not an "advance," that leads the human kind to turn from the paths of humanity, to wander in the haunts of snakes, frogs, squirrels, birds and their companions. Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully of these humble brethren of ours. But farther be it from any of us to turn from the higher revelations in order to revel in the lower companionship, except it be for passing rest, a day's recreation, a night's sleep,—which alone justify the "escape."

The story is found in the legends of the church that when the persecutions became violent in Rome, the friends of Peter urged him to escape, for he was "too valuable to be sacrificed," they "could not spare him," he must "save himself," and so as he was wending his way toward the suburbs, having turned his back on the persecutors, he met in a vision the Master bearing his cross and going the other way. *"Domine Quo Vadis?"* "Master, whither goest thou?" said the pious Peter. "To Rome, to be crucified again," was the reply, and Peter turned back into the heart of the strain, back to his task, back to die like his Master at his post, to be crucified as the better one had been crucified, only, in his humility, he asked that he might be crucified head downward, being unworthy the glory of Calvary.

And so should we come back to our tasks, back to these higher problems, back to our neighbors' inspirations in Chicago, back to the greater revelations of the year.

Up there on Tower Hill I found a group of children one morning, under one of the cottages, intently watching some insect degenerates, and I was invited to join the group. The children had found the ant-lion that had built its wily trap and then concealed itself at the bottom of the trap, and when the unwary ant came that way, it was pounced upon and devoured. The children witnessed the whole drama.

Up there on Tower Hill I noticed that my Jersey calves, though gently bred, quarreled over the milk in the pail, and the strongest got the largest portion if a directing hand did not interfere.

There we saw also the brilliant Gold-digger wasp, working with tremendous energy, in a profound solitude. I speak of these conditions in the lower realms of life that they may show us how far down our selfishness reaches, how fundamental are the instincts of savagery in our natures, and on that account how benigant and permanent are the messages of love and the decrees of justice, the buds of promise on the higher branches of the trees of life. When the flowers and fruitage reach their fullness there breaks forth the new message in its clearness, and the divine messengers plead with us most effectually and persistently to "protect the weak," "stand for justice to the unfortunate," "divide with the inefficient," "shelter the feeble," "educate the ignorant."

So the "call" to be heard at the water-side is, "Come back to the city; back to the larger life; back to the human struggle that demands fresh energies, renewed forces; come find the divine where the needs are direst. The calls of duty are the inspirations of life.

This fleeing of city people into the country as a permanent escape from the responsibilities of life is a reversion to paganism, as the etymology of the word indicates. This is harking back to the primal heathenism—that of the men of the heath. This evading of the responsibilities of community life, this preferring the comradeship of birds in their innocence and simplicity to the comradeship of men and women in their aspirations and longings is a degeneration.

The stately shaft that commemorates the achievements of the Wisconsin soldiers in the National Park at Vicksburg bears the bronze effigy of "Old Abe," the eagle that made the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment famous in its day, for it will go down in history as the "Eagle Regiment of Wisconsin." I would not detract from the honor of that famous bird. I saw him preen himself on his perch to the music of drum and fife; I saw him in storm and sunshine; I saw him midst battle-smoke, I felt the inspirations which unwittingly went with his soaring wings. But I happened to mess for many weeks with the man that was detailed to carry that bird off the field of Corinth, when tired, wounded, half famished, and the eagle-bearer said: "He dodged and ducked, and behaved like any other scared and thirsty soldier." My point is, the man that carried the Eagle off the field was a finer manifestation of the divine than the Eagle he carried, and Jesus at the waterside is our tonic and inspiration because at that waterside he remembered the struggles and the trials of his people, because beyond the song of birds he heard the pioneer call, "Come with me to join the moving columns," and so we find him leading the conquering army.

This does not discount or deny the messages of nature, but simply applies and accentuates them. The Master calls for us at the beginning of this year's work to leave all sloth behind; he reminds us that we stand on historic ground, as he did. We follow the pioneers, the Marquettes, the La Salles, the Dubuques, who traversed our western country, answering the call into unknown lands. We found peaceful homes where they heard the pioneer call for the Master, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men."

A last lesson. Jesus found in the awakened, the husky, impetuous fisherman, Peter, a far-reaching leader. The name would indicate that he was not of full Jewish blood. Andrew, the name of his brother, was a Greek name. There may have been an infusion of Greek blood in the fishermen to whom he said, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men." A little farther on he found a couple of kinsmen,—James the great advocate of practical Christianity, and John the "well-beloved"—he who, alone of the disciples, stood with the women at the foot of the cross. Out of this unpromising, untutored material he made the great apostles of history, immortalized in art, celebrated in song, and feebly represented by the fables, myths and miracle-stories that have gathered around their names.

This came through no miraculous insight, no supernatural endowment, but by the simple enkindling of a great purpose. It was a consecration that called forth the powers that are latent in every soul. Peter would have gone on fishing to the end of his life; James and John would have gone on mending their nets, plying their humble trade until the grave opened for them, if there had not come by, one fortunate day, a Son of God with a message on his lips, a consecration in his heart, a purpose profound. It is this message that changed, converted, those who were catching fish into those who led men; that transformed the rustic into the apostle. Account for it as you please, call it history or the imagination of crude men, these became the pivotal men in the story of Christianity. Let the superstitions fall away, let in the light on the Christian story, and these men grow larger and not smaller. Explain away all the myth and legend in the growth of Church and Christianity, the fundamental fact stands that here was a Galilean, a rustic, from away off North and away back in the woods, who by the power of a purpose and the inspiration of love, worked his way not only into the life of his time, but into the history of *all* time.

This story is repeated over and over again in a greater or lesser degree on the pages of history. The son of a stone-cutter and of a mid-wife was made the oracle of Greece by this power. It is the same thing that made the unlettered child, born in a log cabin in Kentucky, the great Lincoln. There is a fundamental quality of apostleship in every heart. There is potency in the "calls" that send a message down, down through the centuries, to revive the life of this community, to make of Chicago a Jerusalem to the generations that are to come in this State of Illinois, and in this Valley of the Mississippi. Power lies in the word, and where the word reaches its potency, there the mind reaches its maximum.

I glory, then, in our experiences by the "water-sides" because they have driven us back into this storm center. Alas for the citizens who turn their backs on Chicago because it is wicked, alas for the person who carries his money and his investment away from the inspirations of the civilization that has put the money

into his hands, away to the bungalows and villas of suburban retreats. Rather than the countryside with its birds and its groves, give me the city with its struggling, straining multitudes. Give me a chance to fight on the "firing line" of civilization. Give me a chance to combat the iniquity of the day. There are ant lions in Chicago—they who lay their traps and fasten on to the political victims they capture. A spider's web is a thing of beauty, to study it is charming to children, but grown-up men and women with a sense of justice in their hearts, with a love of equality in their souls, with a passion for humanity in their spirits, will sally forth to break the cobwebs of society, to destroy the iniquities of trade, to stand for the Kingdom of Heaven which is "at hand" today as it was when Jesus called the fishermen, and it is "at hand" on the same terms. "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Turn around and you will walk right into the glory of Heaven, but so long as we persist in traveling the road of greed and lying, so long are we going away from the Kingdom of Heaven and we are not eligible for citizenship in the Kingdom of God.

This, then, is the message of the "waterside." It brings rest to the weary, serenity to the strained life; but once the poise is acquired, once health is restored, once energy is found, then the water-side rings with a commission and the mountain-side echoes the call of suffering men and suffering women. The battle is still on, the contest is still here. We of Abraham Lincoln Centre may ask of the Master of the Harvest, "What wouldst thou have us do?" Will we turn our faces back to Nazareth, where all is still and quiet, where it is beautiful with bird songs, or will we turn our faces toward Jerusalem, where all is strain and struggle, teeming with disease, groaning with want, where the streets are made ghastly with the faces of wan children under-fed and under-educated, and gruesome with the fagged, careworn faces of over-worked women? I tell you, the Man of Nazareth has no consolation for him who would escape from these calls. "Better that a millstone were hanged about his neck," than that he should escape from this high mission and purpose. The message of the water-side entrusted into the hands of four rustic fishermen has come down through the centuries to call to us today here in this presence to *repent*—that is, "turn around, go the other way," for in that direction lies the Kingdom of God, or the Kingdom of Heaven. If you do not like these phrases call it the Kingdom of Peace and Power, of Good-will and Justice, the Kingdom of Love. This is the "call," and this is the message: *"Domine Quo Vadis"*—Master, whither goest thou? Going to Chicago to be crucified again, going over there beyond the tracks where people dwell in unwholesome houses and women toil in unwholesome places. *Domine, quo Vadis?"* "Down there to Springfield or to Washington, wherever iniquity in high places tramples upon the laws of justice, wherever politics is prostituted to advance partisan or private interests, wherever politics or patriotism narrows the vision of the human mind, contracts the sympathies of the human soul, or sets up artificial barriers between state and state, country and country, soul and soul."

"Domine, quo Vadis," whither goest thou? "I am going to Rome to be crucified again"—or any other place of priestcraft and dogmatism where the aspirations of the soul are thwarted by the thorns and choked with formalism. "I am going," says the Master, "where I am most needed." "I am going whither I went that day on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, when I called Simon, who is now called Peter, when I called James and John and Andrew, and I am saying to you today, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men." "Come with me and drop your selfish nets—drop your indolence and idleness." Now as then, they from beyond the Jordan in Judea and in the coast-towns will follow him. We ought to be something better than the sparrow, something nobler than the eagle, although it be the noblest bird of prey, something finer than the finest of animals, something more tender than helpless babes, something that combines the gentleness of the babe with the vigor of the martyr, and in that way we may become followers of the Man of Nazareth, because we are followers of all that is gentle and pure and noble.

I am glad to be back—glad that you are back. I welcome you, thrice welcome you to your jobs. If anybody thinks that All Souls Church, by my consent, has become an easy chair on Sundays, where one may retire and hide his soul from the demands of conscience, such a one is mistaken. God forbid that this should be a lodging place of indolence. Heaven forfend that here should be sung the lullabies of the spirit that will render us insensible to the woes and cries about us. The call from the "waterside" is in the present tense. "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men! And unless we are ready for this challenge, we have made a mistake in coming back from the country. It is God's work, divine work, pleasant work that calls us back here to Chicago.

Heaven grant that we may hear the "call" and be equal to it.

God And The Soul

Both God and the soul are to most of us merely words, or at best abstract entities with no concrete sense of reality about them. We revere them with the reverence of boundless ignorance, are duly shocked when anyone ventures to deny the existence of either, but they practically belong, for vast numbers of men, to the limbo of unreality. Yet there must be some reality in human experience which originally gave birth to the words.

Let us ask what, from the point of view of the present, that reality is. Suppose we had never heard of either term. Nevertheless, existence is for each of us made up of two parts, the inside and the outside. There is the complex inner world of moods, sensations, fears, hopes, purposes, thoughts, which we know as within. Then there is everything else, making up the outer world. That is how experience at once divides itself. From another angle, taking them as a sense of inner energy relating itself to outer energies, they have been not inaptly called the inner and the outer strength.

Let us begin with the second. What is this outside this "stream of circumstance," which from my earliest childhood has been impinging upon me, which every hour of the day is that in relation to which my life, the inside life, awakens? Taking as my own the careful study and experience of others, I find that everything in this "not-self" resolves itself into unnumbered forms of ever moving forces. There is no inert, final, definite fixity in the world, except to the shortest kind of vision. We are discovering that the outer is a changing

pageant of the transformation of the ceaseless energy which thrills through it all. The everlasting hills are only phases of it, just as the summer leaves are which vanish in the fall. Nay, when we take things at still longer range, we see that this substantial solid earth of ours is only as some transient wisp of morning cloud in the great spaces. Yesterday it was not; tomorrow it will have gone. Just as it now is it never has been before, and never will be again. It is but a passing rhythm of the outer strength.

We meet that power outside in everything we touch. We press our hands against a table and it resists. It is that wind that drives us on the sea and the waves that wreck our stoutest ships. We climb, and something holds us down. Our experience everywhere is of the strength which plays on us, against which we set our wits till we come to be able to harness it and use it. We are beginning to find that this solid globe which, not so long ago, men thought of as inert and dead, because that was their first impression of it, is just a cluster of strengths, pushing and pulling, balancing and changing, only at any time seeming to us fixed because our little life is so short that we can not wait and watch it change. We can, with the ear of the imagination, hear the hum of the atoms as their own swift life throbs in them. We can watch them relating and combining into the myriad forms of the earth-world. We catch something of the beauty of the law which orders them as on the window pane they build us the delicate tracery of the frost-fairies or from the soft black carbon pass into the hardness and brilliance of the diamond. We know that every particle of all that is is a transient expression of the unmeasured strength which environs us everywhere. In the manifold orderings of human life we are still watching it change. We do not know just how it is that men crystallize into clans, nations, civilizations, religions; but it is so. And these in their turn are playing upon us, working out through us, though we understand it just as little as we know how the forest, every square yard of it, teems with an almost infinite variety of living things, all of them, likewise, only patterns on the passing vesture of the eternal.

Tavel along any road of such human inquiry, go far as swiftest thought can reach. We are still only, as it were, on the outer threshold of things. Beyond lies everywhere and always what we call the infinite, that which wholly transcends our thought, which we cannot in the least grasp, before which our whole mind staggers as we vainly try to conceive it. All we can say is that everything that is is just the throb of infinite power, halting for a moment, or appearing to halt, in some passing shape, and then gone,—ever alive, ever changing, playing and interplaying as the vast and tiny harmonies, often too great and often too small for our hearing, which make up leaves and forests, the multitudinous life of earth and sea, the play of atoms and the swing of the stars no less than the thoughts and dreams, the struggles and aspirations which are our own. If we had never heard of God and just take what we are beginning to understand about this outside, we find ourselves in a wonderful world all quick with ever moving strength, a world where nothing is inert or lifeless but where all is athrill with the energy that blossoms into every form of life.

There I come to the point where I use the great word "God" for that which on every hand transcends and baffles my thought, which everywhere as I vainly try to comprehend it wakens reverence, wonder and awe at that in the midst of which I move. "A thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is past or as a watch in the night. The whole earth, before him, is as the small dust on the balance, yea, as a drop of morning dew that falleth upon the earth." That unfathomable fullness of all that I can know, which everywhere answers to, and yet baffles, my inquiry, the incarnate inevitableness and serenity which seem to lie at the heart of things, that unceasing vital strength which tingles through all that is, in the presence of which I can but bow in wonder and reverence—what can I call it but God?

Now what about that which men have named the soul? Is it not just the manifold life within which seems to stand over against this outer? It is but the inner world of our struggles and aspirations, our fears and hopes, our eager dreams, our loves and hates. It is for me just what I call my self. It is my life ever seeking what it wills, striving after all forms of fancied good, and after many of them vainly, trying in varied fashion to attain "happiness," to build the "world of the heart's desire." It is fighting for its own satisfaction in, as it seems, an alien world. No abstract entity this. It is a real concrete restless inner world, dependent on the great outer world, striving to wrest from it the things for which it craves. Is not that what we actually think of when we speak of the soul? We call it "I," and life is its relation to the powers which play upon me from without.

Religion springs out of that relation. It is men's endeavor to get on friendly terms with the outer strength. They picture it after their own fashion, think of it as liking to be served and propitiated by gifts. So they build costly temples and bring offerings. They sacrifice victims and promise obedience. They come under the power of officials who persuade them that they have some special knowledge of the counsel of this other great inner life or conscious person they call God. All religions, from that where the man hews him a fetich from a block of wood and bows in worship before it, or, when it displeases him, hacks it in pieces, up to the most exalted ideas of our fathers, who in many ways have fashioned God after their own noblest dreams, have been man's endeavor to relate himself to the powers which threaten or bless him on every hand. It is in this sense quite true that the essence of religion lies in its doctrine of atonement. It is man's attempt to bridge the barrier, to come into right relations with this dread outer strength which touches him everywhere. Its crudest message has ever been some "gospel of reconciliation," telling how we who are aliens in this strange outer world shall cease to be aliens and win its favor and protection.

Now the conception, growing ever clearer with fuller knowledge, which dawns upon us today, is that these are vitally related. We no longer need to think of ourselves as independent "souls" standing over against the entity we call God, the almighty creature of this material earth on which we his creatures live. No longer in any vague "spiritual" sense, but in concretest reality, "We are also his offspring." We find order, process, growth, in this vast "outer." We watch it climb from inorganic to organic. Then on toward yet more complex organization, ever more subtly responsive to the forces that play on it, till in man we have the conscious life which begins to be able to interpret the whole of which he is the outcome. I can

look at the outer and watch the interaction of earlier forms blossom into life and life slowly climb toward that miracle of response to its surroundings which we call consciousness.

I look at myself from without, trace my age-long life history, see myself different from the crystals and trees and animals, but still only a more complex form of life than theirs. Then looking at this life of mine from within I call it soul. It responds to and reflects the outer life, can set itself over against it, knows itself as part and product of its ever fuller expression. It looks at itself from without, as it were, and sees how it emerges from the climbing life of the whole. Then it looks at itself from within and knows itself as consciousness. The inside strength is, after all, only a wonderful phase of the outside strength. I, in all the wealth of conscious existence, learning to respond to all about me in knowledge and aspiration and the greatness of personal life, am only one of the expressions of God toiling ever toward that unseen which lies like a dream at the heart of things.

Then "soul" gets a new meaning for me. I am no longer a tiny independent entity, a struggling alien in an alien world, I am at home. All this stupendous outer strength is no longer unintelligible and unrelated to me. Every form of it is of my stock. I use no empty figure of speech when I speak of "old mother nature." The frost pictures on the window-pane are brothers of mine. In the woods in the spring I am no longer in some strange "material" world. It seems as though I were only letting some intimate sense of the life which is my life get close to me. The stir of the sap, the bursting joy of the buds, the soft earth drinking in the warm sunlight and redolent with the fragrance of its kindling heart are all kinsfolk. The petty life falls from me and I am filled with a fresh sense of the great rhythmic swing of a larger whole. It is *my* life. I am part of it. I, all of me, from the tiniest cell to the loftiest thought, am but one of the expressions of this measureless tide of life everywhere about me. I feel that my real life, its quality, power, glory, the terrible delight of being really alive, depends, at its highest, on the measure in which I get hold of this. Then I am no longer a little self-centered struggling soul in a world all foreign to me, but only another channel through which something of the vitality, the greatness, the calm of the life flood, the life strength, may find its way. Then I begin to know the delight and laughter of having felt God in my heart.

After some resolute fashion to make that life our own is religion. To help one another to take that home and so become able to rise above the fret and tear of our living, to get clear of our narrowness, ignorance, folly, and draw together in the brotherhood of those who are finding that the great strength without is waiting to fulfil the strength within, is the only office of the church for which I really care.

W. HANSON PULSFORD.

The Roses that Lived Forever

"What funny, dried-up looking flowers," said the little boy. "Why do they call them immortelles?"

"Because they don't fade, like other flowers," replied his father, "but of course that does not mean that they really live for ever. Sooner or later they will crumble to dust, too."

"I wish there was a way of making flowers live for ever," said the boy, thinking of the one beautiful rose bush in his garden. He was fond of making things grow, and it seemed such a pity that the flowering-time should be so short, after all the months of waiting and watering and working in the garden.

His father looked at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps there is, my son," he finally said. "Suppose you try to find it out, as a holiday task. If you succeed, I will give you a prize, and you shall choose it yourself."

So the little boy went back to his garden, and began to scheme and plan and ponder, though it seemed a hopeless business. He tried shielding his roses from the sun, and he tried shielding them from the rain, and he tried shielding them from the wind. But still they grew from bud to blossom, poured out their perfume and beauty with all their hearts, and then, having no further use for their lives, faded and withered and died. And he tried tying strings round the buds, to keep them from expanding into blossoms; but he found that while he could keep them from expanding into blossom quite easily, he could not keep them from dying.

For a flower takes no thought of its own life, nor counts the cost, but lives only to use its gifts in the service for which it has been made.

And then, one day, he saw in a magazine a picture of some flowers, showing how they had been sent across the ocean to another country, and he thought he surely had got the right idea at last; and he took one of his roses to the ice-factory, and got a friend of his, who worked there, to freeze it into a block of ice, and ran with it in triumph to his father.

But his father said that was all very well, but how was he going to keep the block of ice, unless he took a journey to the North Pole with it! And presently the ice melted, and the flower faded all the quicker for having been treated so.

By this time his rose bush had nearly come to an end of its rose-bearing for that year, and it looked as though he would have to go back to school without having made his discovery and won his prize. But once more fortune seemed to be playing into his hands; for coming out through the hall one day, he came upon his sister's hat, which she had taken off and laid there, and by its side was a great pin, and the head of this pin was a rose. For some clever chemist had discovered a way to treat flowers that preserved every delicate petal and stamen by turning them into metal.

But his father, when the boy showed it to him, said, "Yes, the form of the flower is here. But where is its perfume, which is the very life-breath of the rose? Where is the delicate beauty of its coloring? its tender touch on your cheek? You bring me only the dead body of a rose; no more beautiful, and no more like the real flower, than the stuffed bird you may find in company with it is beautiful or like the real bird gliding and skimming and looping through the air."

And so the boy gave up trying to make his roses live forever, and went into his garden and cut all his remaining blooms and gave them to a little girl who was passing in the street and asked him for a flower. Better that, he thought, than that they should wither on the tree. And it was so nice to watch the little girl's face as he cut flower after flower and gave them to her until her two little hands were too small to hold them and she had to make an armful of them, that he was sorry he had never given away any of his

roses before to people who could not get flowers.

And a few days later he went back to school again and presently he gave his attention to other things. But the lesson he had learned from his gift of the roses stayed with him always. And having no more roses to give away to make people look happy he had to seek for other things to give, and when he could find no other things that would do he sometimes even gave himself,—his own wishes, his own pleasures, his own time,—using his gifts in service, like the roses themselves.

And he was a pretty good boy at school, both in his work and his play; and when he left school and went to college he carried out the same principles, so that he came through with credit, and his father was pleased with him and planned for him to have a great career.

But the little girl to whom he had given the roses that day had carried them home to her mother joyfully. "Oh, mummy," she said, "it was such a kind little boy! And I just asked him for one flower for you to look at and smell, and he gave me every one on the bush! Just *look* what beauties they are! I am sure he must have known about your having been sick."

And the mother, who had been wondering whether she would ever get well again, and whether her courage would come back (for she had been very sick, and they were very poor) took heart again, as people will, when they hear of a kind act beautifully done; and the great armful of roses seemed to be making themselves a part of her little girl's joy for her mother, and to be holding out their beauty and their perfume to her with both hands. And by the time the roses had given all they had to give, and the little girl had buried their withered bodies (for she felt that these had been quite special friends, and could not bring herself to treat them as just ordinary dead flowers), she had caught and gripped her courage again for her little girl's sake. And though poverty and ill-health were still with her through the years that followed, they could not scare the smile from her heart.

And when the boy had been home from college for some time and was standing one morning by the old rose bush,—it was a rose tree now and had climbed half way up a neighboring sycamore,—and the girl came down the road to go to the office in the town where she worked, she recognized him at once, though he had been dressed in a child's jumper the last time she had seen him; and though he did not know that she was the little girl whose eager face had lit up so joyfully that day that he had never been able to smell roses since without wanting to do something kind, it seemed quite natural for those two to look kindly at each other, even though they had never been introduced.

And moreover, the young man found it a very natural thing for him to be in the same place at the same time next day. And it was not many months before he had something to ask his father that caused that old gentleman bitter disappointment. For he had set his heart on his son's marrying a rich and beautiful girl whose father was a great friend of his and had influence with which to forward his son's career. So when he found that the girl his son wanted to marry was not rich and beautiful at all, but quite poor; and that her mother, so far from having influence, lived in a cottage and was quite unknown; he was, at first, very angry, and utterly refused his consent. But after a little while, seeing how his son's heart was set on this thing, and being a just man, he made a call on the girl's mother and had a talk with her. And so all the story of the gift of the roses so long ago and all the events this had led to, came out. And then the old man understood that unless he were to go back from his given word he had no choice in the matter, but must give way to his son's wishes.

For it was just some such meaning as this that he had had in his mind that day when he had set his son to find out how to keep roses from ever dying. For the roses that had been *used*,— were they not truly the only roses that were still a living thing to them all? To his son, to the girl, to her mother, to himself,—to many other lives, perhaps, that would yet be influenced through them, would they not live for succeeding generations, as long as there were human beings on the earth?

And had he not promised his son a prize? and that he might himself choose what the prize should be?—Well, he *had* chosen.

And that is how it came about that the great career the father had planned for his son was given up.

Well, we cannot all follow great careers and become very rich or very famous. And not many of us follow the example of the roses, taking no thought for their own lives, nor counting the cost, but living only to use their gifts in service. But if we do a kindness even no oftener than we pass where the scent of roses is in the air to remind us to be kind, that is still something; for every one of those kindnesses will live as long as THE ROSES THAT LIVED FOREVER.

Pomona, Cal. DELACOURT KELL.

The Essence of Christianity

Christianity, transplanted from its Jewish birthplace to Greek, and soon after to Roman soil, has struck its roots everywhere, it has become a universal religion.

The distinguishing truth of Christianity I learned early in my Methodist home, and though the dogmas in which it was enshrined have been discredited, that truth is the essence of all religion, namely, that the Divine may descend into the human and the human ascend into the Divine,—that man may partake of the infinite peace, purity and power, and that his prayer is not unnoticed by that invincible compassion, love and forgiveness which ever burn at the heart of the universe, even though that prayer be a selfish cry from his weakness, his sorrow and his sin.

And Christianity, though coming to us with the impossible dogma of the eternal pain, has taught us the infinite solemnity of life. Its ideal has not been that of an easy, indolent epicurianism, rather like that of the serious Matthew Arnold, whose favorite sentence, we are told was: *"Semper aliquid certi proponendum est,"* which may be freely translated, "We must always have some noble end in view."

Yes, life is infinitely serious; but how much of my life is my own, and how much of it belongs to the universe, I may not know. Yet this I know, that some of it is mine, and from that part which is mine, I can never escape.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The Secret of Browning's Optimism

In many ways, Browning is the wonder of nineteenth century literature. He spent a large part of his life analyzing and describing villains, yet remained an optimist. It is easy for the idealist who sits far away upon the hills gazing upon the heavenly patterns of humanity to preserve his optimism transparent and without blemish. He, by selection of his facts, sees only what is fair, sips only what is sweet. Witness the Christian Scientists. Theirs is a beautiful state of mind, but comparatively easy. But the marvel of Browning is that he saw everything, every type of degeneracy and wickedness, yet won from each sight a more triumphant idealism. His realism was as naked and uncompromising as that of any dramatist of his age, yet his grasp of facts never shook his certainty that "All's well with the world," "The best is yet to be." It is this blending of realism and optimism that makes Browning a perennial inspiration and delight.

Without question, optimism is one of the chiefest powers on earth. It brings joy, inspiration, and overbounding energy, it strengthens the will to triumphant achievement. It makes the soul almost invincible. We sometimes call optimists crazy; but it is they who move the world. How can a man acquire this power, to see the sunshine through the cloud, win it and yet, with Browning, never wince before the facts?

With a little analysis his secret becomes clear as the summer morning. Optimism rests upon visions. That is why practical men sometimes say it belongs to dreamland. Browning reversed the practical judgment completely. He had visions when, with Abt Vogler, "Earth had attained to Heaven, there was no more near nor far." He knew perfect moments in which, like Paul, he was caught up into heaven. The striking thing is that, realist though he was, he believed his visions. Tennyson, too, had moments when, in the words of King Arthur,

> This earth he walks on seems not earth,
> This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
> This air that smites his forehead is not air,
> But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision.

But Tennyson doubted. Many of us have known such experiences, but we too play the skeptic. Browning, with the venturesomeness of the strong man, dared to believe. To him those spiritual glimpses of future perfection were no creations of his own soul.

> Here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them, and lo, they are!

He was perfect for a moment in vision. That moment to him was reality. It was sent by the indestructible and changeless God, and in him it still lived.

> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by
> When eternity affirms the conceptions of the hour.

To Browning these sublime moments of transfigured vision are celestial patterns which we are to work into the fabric of our character. They are not pageants to be enjoyed,—they may be beautiful; witness the contemplations of the rapt Wordsworth. They are a challenge to action. Here Browning never lost connection with the real world. We make ourselves by action. It is not the timid Duke and Lady, afraid of what the world should say if she broke her betrothal and married the man she loved, but the "soldier saints," who mount upward to the "point of bliss."

Every crude effort to do the right has incalculable value, even though it seems to fail.

> What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me.
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

When a man thus strives for the incarnation of the vision in the habits of his mind, he turns every moment of human experience into material for the perfection of his soul.

> Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!

He simply cries, "How good to live and learn!" Here Browning's realism and idealism make their sublime connection until, in a perfect glory of faith, he can sing in "Rabbi Ben Ezra" the song of the potter and the wheel. The earth is the wheel upon which God shapes the soul into the celestial cup of the vision. Some day earth's wheel will be no longer needed, but "Potter and clay endure"; "The soul and God stand sure." Browning's experience and logic gave him "Knowledge absolute." The vision he saw in youth was real, not, as to Wordsworth, a reminiscence of past heavenly splendor, but a prophecy of future achievement. That saved him from Wordsworth's latter-day pessimism. The day must come when we are perfect in reality. We never achieve this on earth; but we shall by and by.

> On the earth the broken arc; in the Heaven a perfect round.

To Browning, immortality was an absolute necessity if man is to trust the visions of his soul. He believed those visions as he believed in his own existence. Therefore, he could face death "nor be afraid," for he knew,

> The best is yet to be.

The supreme secret of his optimism, however, lay deeper yet. Browning was sure of his own soul and its triumphant future; but what of his friends and neighbors? Even here his eye for the unseen never faltered. He looked at the facts unflinchingly, as did few men of his century, but still he saw through the husk of evil the soul of goodness. As he saw "God's hand" in the events of his own lifetime, so he beheld him deep in the heart of the weak Andrea Del Sarto or a dissolute Fra Lippo Lippi. He gazed into the villain until he found the soul. His realism went to the center of things and laid the goodness bare; blinder realists saw only the sinful surface. Of course the good he discovered in poor Andrea Del Sarto, who really wanted to serve beauty, made Browning tender toward him. We always love goodness when we see it. And when we love men, we see as never before. Browning cared for men; therefore even at a formal dinner party he could feel "the wild joy of living." Other poets see the divine in heaven; Browning could see it in the guest across the table. No evil exterior could ever deceive him, for love looks through even the solid walls of the Empyrean.

Browning was an optimist because his eye never rested until it found the future in the present, the good in seeming evil, God at the heart of the universe.

A. R. VAIL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

AT ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Sunday Morning Topics:

Sept. 24.—*Jesus by the Water-side.*
An after-vacation sermon.

Oct. 1.—*What Have We to Teach Our Children Concerning Religion and How Are We to Teach it?*
An introduction to the year's work in the Religious Study Classes and the Sunday-school.

Oct. 8.—*"Out Of Egypt Did I Call My Son."* Matt. II, 15.
The first of a series of sermons on the Religions of the Elder World to be given throughout the year. See fourth page.

Oct. 15.—*The Holy Family in the Lap of the Sphinx.*
A modern picture—An ancient fact.

Oct. 22.—*The Uncounted Forces in the Battle for Peace.*

Oct. 29.—*The Unitarians at Washington.*
Some of the lessons brought home from the Biennial Session of the National Unitarian Conference held in Washington, October 23-27.

Nov. 5.—Mr. Jones will exchange with the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y.

Sunday Evening Lectures:

Taking advantage of Mr. Crapsey's three weeks' visit to the West, during which time he will make his headquesters at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the following Sunday evening lectures have been arranged for, to be given by this man, whose wide scholarship has been enriched by a deep and varied experience. The lectures will be preceded by a fifteen-minute organ recital, and will begin promptly at 8 p. m. Admittance free. All are welcome.

Oct. 22.—*The Synagogue.*
Oct. 29.—*The Church.*
Nov. 5.—*The Synagogue, the Church and the World.*

Paralleling the course of study pursued by the Religious Study Classes for the season 1911-12, Mr. Jones will deliver at irregular intervals throughout this year a number of sermon-studies under the above caption. They will constitute a second series of studies on "The Religions of the Elder World," the first series of which on the "Seven Great Religious Teachers," were delivered and published during the year of the great Parliament of Religions. These were widely circulated and are still in print. Among the topics discussed this year will be the following, subject to re-arrangement and additions:

"Out of Egypt Did I Call My Son."

The Holy Family in the Lap of the Sphinx.

"The Largest Page in History"; the Behistun Inscription, and Sir Henry Rawlinson's reading of the same.

The Revelations of the Spade; or, The Rediscovery of Nineveh.

"Babylon the Fallen," where Israel Received Its University Training.

A Royal Monument—The Ancient Code of Hammurabi.

A Lost Nation—The Hittites.

The Doings of Rama—The Ramayana—A Hindu Epic.

A Heavenly Pilgrimage—The Mahabharata—A second Hindu Epic.

A Song of the Divine—The Bhagavad-Ghita—A third Hindu Epic.

A Dead Bible Restored—The Story and Message of the Zend-Avesta.

The Chinese Emerson and His Message—Lao-Tze.

A Chinese Commentator—Mencius.

The Youngest of the Asiatic Bibles—The Koran.

VICE AND WAGES

In a letter under the above heading Joseph Holmes estimates that 80 per cent of the department-store workers live at home, and continues:

"Statistics, again, cannot be had, but I doubt if over half of these girls contribute at all to home expenses. They spend their pay entirely upon themselves—on clothes and frivolities."

May I call attention to the figures relating to this matter presented in the reports of the national investigation into the condition of woman and child wage-earners? Volume V deals especially with working women in stores and factories. It shows that, in New York, of 344 department-store workers living at home, 290 turned in to their families every cent of their earnings, and only thirteen failed to turn in some part; of 1,532 girls working in factories and living at home, 1,349 turned in all their wages, and only ten failed "to contribute at all to home expenses." This particular investigation covered seven cities and everywhere a similar state of affairs was revealed. The proportion who kept their pay to spend "entirely upon themselves—on clothes and frivolities"—is so small as to be practically negligible, ranging from 6 per cent among the New York factory workers to 7.4 per cent among the department-store workers in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The four earlier volumes of the report, while going into the matter in less detail, show the same situation prevailing in other industries throughout the country. Among the cotton workers, girls living at home were turning in, in the South, 89 per cent, in New England 96.6 per cent of their earnings; among the garment workers, they contributed 93.2 per cent, among the silk workers, 96 per cent, and among the glass workers, 86.4 percent, of their total earnings. As some workers would keep all their wages, and others a part, these percentages must indicate that the great majority contributed every cent to the family fund.

The girl who works unnecessarily for the sake of spending money has long been used to explain the low wages paid women. In the light of this investigation, is it not time that she should be retired?—*M. K. Conyngton, Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.—From the Survey.*

CARDS AND LEAFLETS

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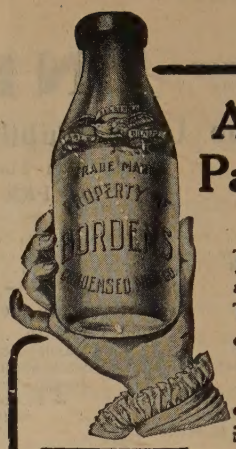

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